

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE

FOREIGN.

FROM A LATE LONDON PAPER.

THEATRE DRURY-LANE.

THE tragedy of Percy was represented at this theatre last night, for the purpose principally of introducing Mrs. Whitlock (late Miss E. Kemble) in the character of Elwina, after an absence from the London boards of nearly 20 years. What impression she might then have made must be now entirely lost; so there is no room to compare her with herself. It is generally known that Mrs. Whitlock is a sister of Mrs. Siddons; and even were it not, it

is impossible to hear and behold her, without being struck with a resemblance, in every respect so strong as cannot well be any other than that of sisters. To say that her powers of theatric representation equal those of Mrs. Siddons, or that she is so eminently gifted by nature, or cultivated by art to embody the inspirations of the tragic muse, would alarm criticism and stagger credibility. We are not prepared to say so; but when we pronounce her talents to be of the very first order, we do them but justice, and can offend no unbiassed critic, and least of any one, Mrs. Siddons, to whose praise must redound every commendation that is bestowed on Mrs. Whitlock, who resembles her sister almost as nearly in talent and exertion as in figure and in face.

Mrs. W. certainly has not the steadiness and majesty of Mrs. Siddons; neither has her lineaments and person equal symmetry, grace, or rotundity. On the contrary, she is very thin in the face, and something awkward and ungainly about her neck and general carriage. But the interest she excites is too powerful to allow attention to direct itself to these minor, physical defects. Her eye is full and variously expressive, and its glances are striking and vivid, though emitted from a thinner visage, and a paler complexion. In these, as in the accents of her voice, the similitude is so near, that it must often agreeably deceive both the eye and the ear. As therefore, the powers and person of Mrs. Whitlock bear so marked an affinity to those of Mrs. Siddons, it is next to impossible to avoid comparing them together. It must obtrude itself every moment upon the most heedless observer. We shall, however, only generally observe, that their conception of a character seems to be equally correct; in the execution, where dignity is to be represented, or terror impressed, Mrs. Siddons stands unrivalled; where pity and the softer passions are to be infused, Mrs. Whitlock is not surpassed. We more familiarly sympathize in the feelings of the latter; by the grander bursts of the former we are terrified and over-awed. The acting of the one has more of general nature, that of the other more of occasional sublimity.

We may therefore, in some measure apply to those two accomplished actresses, what the British Adrastus says of Dryden and Pope. We behold Mrs. Siddons with frequent astonishment, Mrs. Whit-

lock with perpetual delight. If we are to point out any passage of her last night's performance, it is not the more prominent ones of the piece, where every performer is ambitious of exertion, but those short and simple ones, where judgment and feeling are often most happily marked; of this description we shall for the present particularise but two—the one where Lord Raby asks—

“Should some rash man, regardless of thy fame,
And in defiance of thy marriage vows,
Presume to plead a guilty passion for thee,
What would'st do?”

Elwina answered, with most impressive energy,

“What honour bids me do.”

And again, when in her first interview with Percy she hesitates to disclose her situation to him, and he impatiently exclaims, “Speak, say what art thou?” the pause that intervened, and the lowered tone in which she expressed the word “married,” was given with a force and discrimination which was universally felt and universally applauded. Indeed the enthusiastic plaudits that accompanied her performance throughout, were only surpassed by those of the audience at the fall of the curtain. We never saw Elliston, or H. Siddons more happily exert themselves; but the whole attention was absorbed by the novelty of the night, which drew an overflowing house at a very early hour.

A poem has been lately published in Paris, entitled *Virgil in France; or, The New Æneid*; an heroic comic poem, in the Franco-Gothic style; in which *The Æneid* of Virgil is travestied into a history of the French revolution, by M. Lep-lat du Temple. In this work, *Æolus* is the king of England; the *Trojans*, the French; *Priam*, Louis XVI: the *Harpiets*, the Monks of Belgium, &c.